

13 Aug. 1890.
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A

DIALOGUE

About the French Government, WARS, CRUELITIES, ARMIES, FLEET, &c.

Between

TOM and DICK, two Seamen.

Very smart upon them.

HONEST TOM, while such a Man alive,
I ne'er thought to see thee, after lo
long an Embargo.

DICK. My dear Dick! what cheers
will meet in old England once again,
D. Prichce where hast been adrift,
I see since we lost sight of each other,
in that plaguy shower of Fire, Hail, and Smoke, against the
Sallyman at Cape Spatol.

T. That my Pickaroons has kept me under Hatches at Sally
ever since, at the old Egyptian sport of Brick and Morcan;
and had it not been for our gracious King and Queen I might
have lain Wind-bound in that Gulf for ever.

D. Sally, quotha! I with we had that day sunk with the rest
of our Fellows, rather than liv'd thus long to see a worse
fort of Pickaroons twagger thus at our own doors; — but
since 'tis come to that, we'll even venture once brullt together
again, and make the *Manfieurs* know the difference between
your Oak and their Firr, 'tween English Men and French Toads
floods.

D. Dear Dick, we'll fight, and live or dye together: But
firstee what became of thee after that unlucky Rencounter?
hast thee struggled with Wind and Water, and liv'd by the
Rope ever since?

D. I with I had dy'd by the Rope rather than live (as
I did) by the Oar; for the Sallyman with the Weather-
gage having soon maller'd us, the Frenchman that lay there
aloof barter'd with him for what was left on board; and
I among others have ever since tugg'd 'tween Heaven and
Hell, 'tween Wind and Water above ground, but under the
Hatches of a French Galley, the Malharpiece of all Slavery
(this side old Charon's Ferry-boat,) where one meets in a
narrow bottom, with all the tickling tormenters of whole
Barbary. But the Gallies lately putting in to Tobag, I
slip my Chain, and *Anginwah* being on fire, I fairly ran
away by the light-o'-er.

T. 'Tis a bad fire as well as Wind brings no Man good:
By my troth well exchang'd I, a French Galley for English
Liberty, and Bread and Water for salt Beef! but prichce
what Company hadst there?

D. Why, of all sort; for the Gallies, like Hell and the
Grave, refuse none: there are all Nations, as well as French,
and all kind of Criminals, especially *Hagons* (which is a
Crime of the first rate in France) and among those French
Prichce there are many, that like our Sea-Chaplains, can
Preach and Pray as oft as the ginging of the Chain and the
absence of the Commander would permit.

T. Truly, Dick, yew my Cabin was the bottom of a musty
Cellar, yet I kept a Diary of Wind and Tide; that is, of the
frowny and frownyest my grim Parroon, which is a
Tune, or two I have learn'd, will be some diversifement to
us aboard. But first give me thy opinion of these *Manfieurs*,
whom plague brought their French impudence to our Channel?

D. He be free with thee, Tom, and give thee such an ac-
count as my own dear bought experience, or that of others
as have turn'd me. — A French *Prichce* then is a vain,
false, fickle Creature, a Bubble blown by a Priest, and told
about by the breath of his mouth, a bad Neighbour, a worse
Friend, true to n' thing but a Whore, and to no lessess
but that of his Master's Ambitions, a meer Buttery, that
flatters and whistles about a while, and then falls and dies
in the dirt; 'tis a Spaniel that fetches and carries, but not for
himself: he is wrapt warm like a Silk-worm, and fares well to
eat to morrow is reduc'd to his Linen-brogues, and wooden
soes, and is glad to find Bread and Onion, and to yield up the
his Land to the Priests, and their fellow-Caterpillars.

At this rate all France is but one Galley, and French Sub-

jects are more at the Oar than those in Barbary, if, like Worms,
every cloven foot may crush them: Have they any Nobility and
Gentry that dare stand up for Liberty, and Property, and the
Laws, and oppose such proceedings?

D. Yes, yes; as much as a Fry of Fifth-dare oppose a Levia-
than; their King's pleasure is their Law; Statutes and *Magna
Charta*'s are but so many Cobwebs; their Nobility and Gentry
are forced to give up their Estates, and to live upon Court Pen-
sions, to turn Flag-men and Scarf-men, and ne'er be heard of
but in the Camp and Gazet; all Men of Estates are become
Men of War; and those that follow'd the Plough are now Pion-
neers, and follow the Leaguer; the Merchant has no Trade, and
is turn'd Farmer; Vintners and Coopers are made Sea-men;
and Wines and Brandy die where they grew, for want of vent.

T. So that their Seamen drink well, if they do but eat and
work accordingly.

D. Their Seamen, I tell thee, are a sort of Water-Rats, that
have been more us'd to Land, and to creep in Vineyards, than to
climb up a main Mast-yard; they're slave Sea-men wear off
with the flood of Protestants that left that Kingdom; and tho'
the great Turk be a Friend of France, yet there are 2200 of their
best midship-men padlock'd up at Algiers.

T. Perhaps 'tis more tolerable being there than at home; But
after all, what would they be at?

D. Why, at any thing that's not their own, rather than be
quiet: The French value themselves upon their address in trespass-
ing upon their Neighbours, in seizing their Possessions, in keep-
ing their Freeholds from them, and seek no other Title than that
of Convenience; that is, when *Manfieur* casts a longing eye to any
Place or Country (as *Lorain*, *Alsacia*, *Hussins* boy, or the like)
that he thinks convenient for him, he sends before him some Title-
forging Attorney, that soon finds out Hamperfuls of old, musty
Pretensions, that shall reach any corner of the New or Old
World that his Master likes best; and then follows *Belzebub* with
his Legions, who puts himself in possession; and in all these
Cases of Convenience, he is both Witness, Judge, and Party.

T. That's French Law, I believe, and will scarce hold water
any where else; but this *Manfieur* had need of Guinea and Peru:
Whence, I prichce, has he to pay these Fleets and Legions that
turn the World thus upside down?

D. His *Priests* and *Dragons* rog for him, as thou knowest at
Sally, the Jack-calls do for the Lion; he takes from Peter to pay
Paul; he robs one Friend to pay another, and squeezes out of
one Country all its grease, to liquor his Boats for the Next; he
hath borrow'd the Church-Plate for his Mint, and their Bell for
his Artillery.

T. Prichce what are those French Engineers call'd *Dragons*,
which our Goodwives and Children are so much afraid of?

D. Oh! those are a kind of Filthermen that catch *Hugonots*;
a sort of booted Apollites that are sent up and down to root out
and destroy a certain Weed, call'd Protestants; the Men they
send to the Gallies, the Children they hang about the Hedges, and
make a present of to the Birds, Cats, and Dogs; but the Women,
they first discharge their Love at 'em, and then their *Blunder-
busses*; they ravish, torture, and flave them; they make of
them Beasts and Monsters, and then lock them 'tween four Walls,
without hopes of ever seeing the Sun, unless they resign up
their Bibles and Consciences together, and then worship the
Beast and the Whore of Babylon.

T. Brave rogues! indeed, most cruel to the weaker Sex! 't's
true: that they are such Zealots as to carry on the War with
Fire and Fagot yonder in Germany?

D. Most certainly; and that Fire is seven times fiercer than I
can describe it; inasmuch that the poor Wretches whom they
try and roast, without pity of Age or Sex, thick Hell's broke
loose, as that the last Conflagration is at hand; and yet
all the *Manfieurs* do, they say, is for the good of their
Religion;

Religion; for this they burn and plunder Towns and Countries, turn Cities into Charnel-Houses, and Churches into Bonfires, dig and plough up Church-yards, rip up the big-belly'd, and drag the Dead about the Streets.

T. So that the Worms and the Graves, the Quick and the Dead, taste alike of their inhumanity; and all this in Popish Countries too?

D. Yes, and much more; they ravish the Mother, strip the Father, and then kill both for company; the Priest de-Bauchés the Daughter, and then locks her up for his own use in a Cloister, and makes her next Relations maintain her: And for all these Cruelties which they practise where-ever they come, all the World hath now a Crow to pull with the *Monseurs*, and are resolved to pound him up, to recover some satisfaction for all these Pranks.

T. LEWIS the GREAT quoth's; this is the Devil and all his Works. The reason then that Popists forbid the Bible is, for that their practice is quite against it: What would they have these good qualities to recommend them to us here? 'Tis much that people be so well known, and so much hated, should still have the Weather-gage, and good success always for them: What, do they burn Popish Churches too? Since there are no Bibles there to kindle their fury, or to feed their flame? Prithce how comes the Priests to suffer it? and what becomes o'th' Bells?

D. Why, 'tis no new thing for *Turks* and *Tatars*, and every Tool to fire a Town; but Churches still escaped, till this French way of warring was found out: besides, their Friend the Great *Turk* would not believe them to be in good earnest, if they did not do something more than ordinary. As for the Priests, they go shares, and have the Bells for their pains, which they sell to the Gun-Founders, who melt them into Canonical Guns and Mortar-pieces, and the Owls are made believe, that being consecrated, they'll do better execution against Heretics.

T. The French indeed have seem'd to use some Spell or Black Art in the case, or how a vengeance could they have pull'd their Neighbours of all those strong places that depend to them for safety at their first appearance?

D. Ah, Tom, there are more ways to sink a Ship than one: the French often kill with white Powder, that gives no report; their Artillery of late years have been gilt, and instead of the Battering Ram, they have used the Golden Fleece; their Silver Trumpets were turn'd into Silver Keys that had Wards to open all the Locks in Germany; Brals, and Bell-metal is not the furest for execution; this *Monseur* finds his Pistols of more force than his Culverins; and that few Men of War, of what Rate soever, are proof against them: But if this Charn fail, he works under ground, and employs Rogues and Thieves to steal and betray Towns, or else to fire them; and then he has his Spies of all sizes and Sizes with his Penions and Presents; and over and above all, he has a little Gaudy Fly (call'd a French *Missy*) to bait his Hooks and traps wily: And these are but some of those many Links whereof the French Chain of Slavery is compos'd.

T. But prithce, Dick, what Friends or Seconds has this *Monseur* in all this puther he makes in the World?

D. By me troth not many; some may fear, but none can love him, unless for his Money; for like our Town-Bullies, he thrusts himself into all Quarrels; cuffs the one, mauls the other; and tho' none gets but Blows and bloody Noses, yet he is still a winner; so that all know him so well to trust him, excepting his singular good and only Friend the Great *Turk*, who is made believe the Half Moon is made of French Cheese.

T. Bless us all! not trust the greatest King in the world, as I heard a French Lackey call him t'other day. With all this huffing and hectoring he must have some publick Faith and common Honesty.

D. I'm afraid not any to spare; enough for his own turns; and when that's serv'd, he cares no further; whoever trusts upon the Sticks of Tyranny and Oppression, is no Slave to his Word; his Heart is Flint, his Forehead Brals, and has no Bowels, nor sense of right or wrong; and thus the *Monseur* breaks Treaties to preserve the publick quiet; steals Towns in time of Peace, to prevent War; makes truce only to disarm his Neighbour; and thus all is bith that suits with his Convenience and Advantage.

T. I'm sure this would be to play the Canary, if we did so at Sea: One that bubbles the Fatherless and Widow (as I heard he did the Infant King of Spain and his Mother) I've done with him; it's well we have a Ditch between us and his *Monseurship*; but prithce what's their opinion of us in England?

D. I'll promise thee, very mean; one of them tells the World in Print, we are a sort of Animals that have no Faith, Religion, Honesty, or Justice amongst us; that we are

Cruel, Foolish, Gluttonous, and Proud to the highest degree; that we are great Braggars, little Deers, fit for no warlike Action, but for a rubber at Coffee, and the Bear-Garden, &c.

T. He could not well say worse in so few words; they have forgot (it seems) we were once fit for something, when one or two of our Kings were Crown'd at Paris: Well, there's no love lost; I'm sure the *Moors* and all *Bar-bary* have the same opinion of the French that we and all Europe have. That they are Base and Perfidious in their Nature, false to their Word, Peace-breakers, Lascivious, and Reckless beyond any Creatures, treacherous in their friendship, Bloody and Unmerciful when they are uppermost, cringing and fawning when they are down; in fine, a Generation of Filanders and Pick-pocket-makers, and wandering remnants of the *Irish* and *Pan-baba* Flamed, my Parroon, used to say, the French Nation were an Army of Painted Fillets, of much noise, and little strength, that insensibly spread their Maggots where ever they came, and that he hoped e're long to see the Vermin confin'd to their own Country. And I hope that those who have almost sunk the Great *Turk* himself, may yet bring his Friend by the Leg. But to return to our point, what's thy opinion of this Fleet? Have they good Gunners?

D. Let me see, how stands the wind? it veres Easterly, where it stood, so long before and after the late Engagement, that scarce a French man-but had bewray'd himself, (What with their new Wines, and more for fear) left the English and Dutch should have born upon them; for let me tell thee, Tom, they came not to fight, if they could have done their job by any other slight of hand; they are as ready at *Plimpey* as *the Pimp* as at Fire and Gun-powder. As for the Men, they are poor, three-penny a day fellows, gouty Leg'd, shrivel'd Shoulders, feeble Kne'd, and look more like Taylors and Garden-weeders than Seamen; and came we but once to grapple, thee and I could clear a whole Deck of them; they look very squeamish, as if they resist'd not Salt-water, but would rather be any where than at home, to pay two thirds of their daily labour to the great Leviathan. As for their Gunners, they are Men trained up in the wild-fire Schools at *Toulon* and *Brest*, which furnish'd those Masters of the Art of Burning to *Genoa*, *Algiers*, and *Germany*, and sent us that famous *Guy Faux* Gunner of the late Powder plot; and they were all Disciples of that Ignorant Chief of the *Fisists*, who (his Name tells thee) was himself a Fire-maler.

T. What, came they not to fight, say'st thou? Or would they have blinded our eyes with Gold-dust, and wheedled the Mayors in the West (as they did the Mayor of *Messina*) with a dose of *Louis d'Ors* to deliver up their Towns? But these *Monseurs*, like old Nick, draw Men in, and then leave them in the Lurch; and no Creature so despicable as he that betrays his Country à la mode de France: And I remember in my last *Straits-Voyage*, how scornfully every Cur up'd with his Leg and piss'd upon those turn-coat *Scitians*, who swallow'd the *Yellow Bait*, and suffer'd the *Monseur* to catch their whole Kingdom in his Net. God save old England! I hope yet to see them taught an English Jig, and cut many a cross Cap between this and the Lands End: Ha, up-Boys! all hands abast! we must whip the *Monseur* out of our Seas, and make him, like a Crab, crawl backwards to his own Creeks.

D. God save our King and Queen! our wooden Walls, our true Sons of *Nepisme*, and our honest Tar-Boys; I hope to see the day yet *Monseur* must shrug and cringe (as formerly) for leave to fish for a few Soals in our Seas.

T. Well fare Queen Bess, that kept his Nose to the Grindstone, that he durst not lay the Carcass of a Ship upon the Stocks without her permission; and well fare that day that Forty English Ships fought Eighty French, and hamstringing them so, that none escap'd to carry the news of their defeat.

D. Cheer up, Lad; we'll pay them now I hope for their good service in 1672, in standing by, and looking on without firing a Gun.

T. Ay, and for that cast of their Office, in firing Ships, Guns, and all at *Chatham* in 1666; to say nothing of that Firing between the Monument and Temple-Bar, which (if all be true) proceeded from the warm Zeal and Affection that these French Fire-masters bore to our City; which may perhaps yet find a time to return them their Complement. But hold! here comes our Noble Captain, aboard whom we are to serve.

D. I'll swear he promises well; he treads firm, and has the plain, bold look of an English Seaman.

T. And I'll swear he's no Up-lifted Sea-weed; he's no sucking Tar; none of those Mea-pated, Whiffing Dammees, but is as well a season'd Lad as any in the Fleet. And so let's clap more Sails to our heels, else he'll be aboard before us.